

The Annual
Bloomfield High School



1871

1911







The Annual



Published by

The Senior Class

Bloomfield High School

Bloomfield, New Jersey

Nineteen Hundred and Eleven

Vol. IV.



Miss Ella L. Draper
(PRINCIPAL)



Miss Elizabeth W. Wyman
(SENIOR CLASS TEACHER)

To Our Teachers

Whose efforts for our progress
And whose influence for our
Good can never be measured,
In testimony of our affection
And gratitude, we dedicate

This Book.

Preface.



HE Annual extends its greeting to the High School's alumni and friends. In printing our little book to you we feel sure you do not expect a catalogue of the curriculum. Neither would we undertake to give one. This like other school annuals pertains to that part of our school life which is opposite to and yet works hand in hand with the daily lesson and the yearly toil of both teachers and students. It is that part of school life which is represented by the teams, the musical and social societies and the class organizations, but it is not *all* of the school life. There is the other and more important side which we do not attempt to represent in these pages, but which everyone fully understands and appreciates. We therefore leave our Annual in your hands, trusting it may receive the friendly welcome which we have earnestly labored to deserve.

During the past year, we have felt the school life invigorated by the appearance of the new High School. Each of the school activities has been enlivened and new ones have arisen to take their places also in our new home over the Green. In a *different* way the Annual has had its part in this vigor. It first had a struggle for existence, but, having survived with persevering treatment and persistent efforts, we hope that it will flourish like a healthy plant, the better for having been retarded awhile. We have felt the pulse of the school strengthen in the interest shown in this book. The Editors wish to thank the whole school for its hearty support. We also thank the faculty and many friends who have been interested in the progress and welfare of the book. Especially we acknowledge our obligations to Miss Draper and to Miss Wyman for help and suggestions; and to last year's editor for his encouragement, sympathy and kindly assistance.

We have used the same size and shape as the book was given last year, and since this form is best adapted to the needs of the school we hope that it will be retained until we are better able financially to support a *more expensive book*.

Lastly: with this Annual, we, the class now stepping out, take the opportunity of not only bidding adieu to our happy school days and our teachers, but of saying farewell to our dear old High School. In it we have shared days of trial and joy, struggle and victory, shadow and sunshine. Like many who have passed before us from B. H. S. into the busy world, may we all so acquit ourselves in life's battle that those who have led us so conscientiously may feel that their labors have not been in vain.

To you who remain, our companions, we offer sincere congratulations and good wishes on the prospect of entering the new building. We trust that you will go ahead and win great honor for the new Bloomfield High School.

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| NAME | Should Have Been Named | Favorite Expression | Excels In | Known By |
|-------------------|------------------------|---|-----------------------------|---------------------------------|
| JESSIE PATON | Beethoven | "Oh, Say!" | Playing Scales | Her Hair |
| MAY BAECHLIN | Maude Adams | "Isn't It Darling?" | Admiring Other's Things | Neatness |
| REBECCA ROGOW | Rose Fritz | "I See My Finish." | Taking Dictation | Complexion |
| DOROTHEA BECK | Cleopatra | "Horrors!!!" | Doing "Stunts" | Her Fingers |
| EDITH HAYS | Mrs. Tom Thumb | "Well, Did You Ever!" | Reaching | Length |
| MADELINE SPEAR | Mme. A La Mode | "You Ought to Have Seen It." | Illustrating the Latest | Her Small Feet |
| FLORENCE BROWN | Florence Nightingale | "Yes, I Suppose So." | Being Petted | Her "Bow" |
| GLADYS BARR | Florence Pankhurst | "Oh! Dot!!" | Talking | Her Arguments |
| ERMA BERNHARDT | "Cicero" | "Do You Think So?" | Getting High Marks | Her Nerve |
| MILDRED WYKER | Marcylene | "What do you know about that." | Being Tardy | Her Smile |
| ERROL LAWSHE | "Long—fellow" | "That's So." | Handling Money | His Dimple |
| HENRY WITTBERG | Rip-Van-Winkle | (Doesn't Say Much) | Keeping Quiet | His "Dates" |
| EVERETT BROWN | Isaac Newton | (Have Forgotten What) | Math | His "Brown" Suit |
| EDWARD PETTIT | Daniel Webster | "Now... Now..." | Writing Funny Stories | His Delicacy |
| CHARLES ROESCH | Corot | "Oakes' is Fine." | Avoiding "Meetings" | His Stick-to-it-Iveness |
| BENJAMIN WINNER | Whittier (Witty-er) | "Got Your Math?" | Flirting | Innocent Expression |
| IRVING HARRIS | Demosthenes | "If You Only Knew It." | Telling Stories | His Grin |
| MELVILLE FISK | Dr. Cooke | "Now, if you'll only ask me." | Kicking | Lack of Length |
| LINCOLN McCRODDAN | (Named Right) | "You Fellows Going to Practice?" | His Own Business | Eyes |
| WALTER PORZER | Burke | "I Make a Motion That "Punk" | (Not) Keeping Study Periods | Conquests of the Feminine World |
| RAYMOND MARTIN | T. Roosevelt | "Ladies and Gentlemen: that Expresses my Sentiments Exactly." | Acting Wise | Stately Manner |
| JESSE MILLARD | Mark Twain Carlyle | "What is the Practical Application of That?" | Ability to Pester | His Curl |
| RALPH MORRIS | Caruso (Crew-so) | "Hard to Tell—He Says So Much" | Bluffing | Cherubic Appearance |
| MARTHA E. EDLAND | Queen Elizabeth | "Wait a Minute" | Catering | Her Laugh |

History of 1911



HE purpose of this history is not to rehearse in chronological order the events which this class has passed through but, rather to emphasize those events which have made it stand out so prominently against the dark background of its predecessors. The keynote or better keynotes of the success of this class—*patriotnacism, sentimentalism and industrialism*.

On going back over our history, the first thing which comes into our minds is the great debate which we had in our sophomore year. The question was, "Are pancakes baked or fried?" Our efficient training in debating, which was proven in our final, real debate, served to heighten the interest in this the more important one. As it was discussed so much, it would be useless to give the line of argument pursued by each side; but here are a few examples: One girl said, "Pancakes are baked because if you fried them you would have to dump them into a kettle of grease and then cook them." One of the boys presented this argument: "Pancakes are fried. If you bake them you would have to pour them into an ungreased pan and bake them in the oven." A few in the class remained neutral and said that you could either fry or bake them as you preferred.

Another event which stands out with prominence was a trip to Princeton. The invitation was extended by the Princeton Alumni Association of this vicinity and—to the boys only. They were interested in seeing a good many sights from baseball players down to old professors. They also visited many very interesting places, chiefly lunch-counters. At the "gym" the boys tried their lung power and it was here, as one of the boys said, that they found out a certain tenor singer to be the best "blower" in the class. The boys all felt that they had had a good time, but nevertheless there was something missing—something lacking. Can you guess what? Why—the girls?

Something we must not forget to mention is the reception we tendered to the Seniors and 1910 can well boast they were given the best reception any Senior class ever received, with one exception, and that—the one 1911 received, thanks to the Juniors.

During our Senior year so many things have happened that it is rather difficult to limit them to just a few. We are sorry to say that two very sad events have occurred during the past year. One especially was lamentably sad: that was the death of the lion, the mascot of 1910, and his death was caused by the lack of the Seniors' originality.

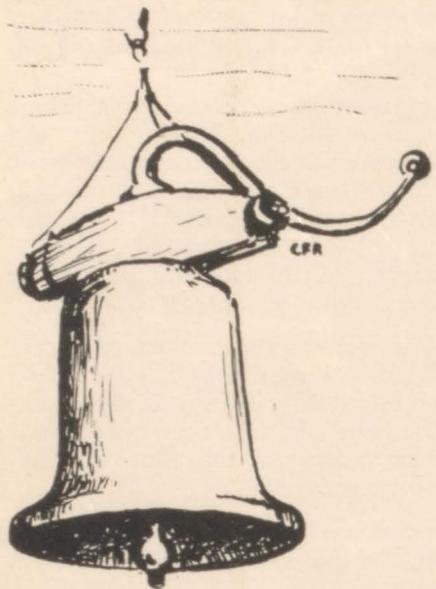
"O woe! O woeful, woeful day,
Most lamentable day, most woeful day
That ever, ever I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this
O woeful day, O woeful day!"

As the Seniors were so heart-broken the Juniors very kindly draped our room with black and fastened black crape on the door. That day we all wore black crape bands on our sleeves as a memorial to the deceased.

The other occasion was not quite so heart-rendering: that was the time when we paid our last respects to the departed class of 1910, by draping their banner with black.

History of 1911—Continued

Last Christmas 1911 did an unusual thing. We presented each member of our faculty with a little gift. The selection of these gifts was made with great care and special effort was taken to see that each person received just what best suited him as, for instance, contrivances for adjusting dilemmas, and bewildering devices to retaliate the many mystifying problems which we have received. The careful judgment displayed in the choice of the gifts seemed to be greatly appreciated.



Now just a few words in regard to what has been accomplished during the past year. Two entirely new clubs have been organized, "The French Club" and "The Current Events Club." Perhaps, I should add to this a "Walking Club." Winged victory was kindly presented with a head. The head belonged to the Juniors' goat. Another thing which was started with a great deal of enthusiasm was a high school paper called the "W.H.E.N." Toward the end of the year the issues of the "W.H.E.N." became rather scarce, but nevertheless the paper was a success, and we hope it will be continued next year. Most important of all was the commencement of our new High School, the long looked-for event.

Although we have had many good times, our pleasure was not derived from them after all, for they could only be thoroughly enjoyed when we felt that our work had just been accomplished. And so we come to the end. We shall now have to step back and let another class take our place; but, although we become a class of "has-beens," Nineteen-Eleven will never forget the many glad hours spent at old B. H. S.

MARTHA E. EDLAND,



In Affectionate Remembrance

of our classmate

Norman Torbensen

who was taken from among us

November 23, 1909

His soul to him who gave it, rose;
God led it to its long repose,
 Its glorious rest!
And though our comrade's sun has set,
Its light shall linger round us yet,
 Bright, radiant, blest.

(Adapted from Longfellow's translation of "Coplas de Manrique.")

History of the Class of 1912



THE Juniors returned this year much diminished in numbers, but not in that particular brand of nerve for which 1912 is noted. Trouble first threatened as a repetition of what has gone down to history as the "Goat Affair." The Seniors first gained possession of our class emblem, the battle-scarred goat's head. We then recovered our mascot and incidentally acquired some Senior trophy. The compliment would then be returned by the upper-classmen. This form of amusement afforded much entertainment for a short time, but was finally dropped and peace made between the two enemies.

The customary "Prom" was held during the Christmas week and was a great success, socially and financially. Although the affair was not as pretentious as last year's, it was nevertheless "Some Prom."

In spite of the lessening of our numbers we have produced this year 1 basketball captain 3 football players and 1 manager, 2 baseball players, 1 baseball manager, 1 assistant baseball manager; besides a goodly number of representatives in the Glee and Mandolin Clubs, the Orchestra and Latin Club, including the secretary of the latter organization. What more do you want? It may also be here stated that a fellow in our class has the undisputed record for Oratorical nerve; he having caused both the faculty and school in general to ask Cicero's question—"Quem ad finem sese effrentata iactabit audacia?"—which means "what next?"

One of our number has the habit of arriving every morning just as the bell rings. When this fact was first fully appreciated some of the boys began to make bets concerning this member's arrival. But they soon desisted, as that element of chance which is necessary to all exciting betting was wholly absent. Every morning at the exact moment of the ringing of the bells, he appears in the door of the room wearing a grin which resembles the appearance of a cemetery on a moonlight night. One naturally wonders what would happen if the bell did not ring.

In the near future our class will be the only one in the school possessing a moving picture show. From the rear wall of our room there is suspended, on the ragged edge of nothing and by a nail which looks as if it were dying of old age, a picture. When it moves there will be something doing. The two fellows who will be directly affected by its fall have on many previous occasions demonstrated that their heads are made either of reinforced concrete or a compound of birdseye maple and oakum. Therefore the damage to the moving picture will probably be greater than that to their heads.

Most of us have thus far survived the trials and tribulations of exams and other similar tortures inflicted by the faculty. It is therefore safe to suppose that the majority of us will fill the positions of Seniors quite as creditably as the members of the class of 1911 have this year.

R. D. JOECKEL, '12.

History of the Class of 1913



On September fourteenth, nineteen hundred and ten, the class of 1913, met, not as Freshmen, but as Sophomores. It was on that day that we realized more than we ever had before that we were no longer Freshmen. As we saw many strangers among us we knew that they would occupy the places which we had learned to love and that they would study from the same books over which we had studied many hours. Our pride rose and it seemed as if we were climbing higher and could look down at the Freshmen, just as at the foot of the ladder.

On account of the smallness of the rooms and the largeness of our class we were placed in two class-rooms, some in Room 2, while others remained in Room 4. This arrangement was not as pleasant at times as it might have been if we could have had one large class-room.

When we were thoroughly settled down to our work we found it necessary, in order that we might be well organized, to hold our first class meeting. Our officers, as elected in this meeting, are, President, Mr. Harry Hobson; Vice-President, Miss Helen Smith; and Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Carlton Schroeder. At various times in the year class meetings have been held by our organization.

As a musical class we have not obtained the very best results. Only a few of our members belong to the Orchestra, Glee Club, or Mandolin Club. One period each week has been devoted to our class music period. Our whole class has not been able to take music because of the conflict made by another subject. This is a good reason why our musical ability has not reached as high a degree as it might have otherwise.

The majority of our members belong to the Athletic Association. We all feel that our boys' basketball team this year has been a great success and that each member of it is worthy of praise. Those who attended the inter-class games can most appreciate this statement. As a team it has distinctly shown itself superior to the other class teams of our High School. They have played loyally in each class game and have not only obtained the honors for us, but also given us rightful possession of the silver cup.

In conclusion, as we are about to close our second annual report we can say that this year has been a very pleasant one. As a class we have enjoyed our studies and faithfully studied them. It is our wish that as Juniors we may prove ourselves as loyal as we have tried to be during this school year. We also hope that those who have been counted as our members may stay with us during our remaining High School life and that we may graduate a class which will bring much credit to the dear old B. H. S.

ESTHER WOLFE, '13.

History of the Class of 1914



HE Class of Nineteen Fourteen is an unusually large one and, if we all "stick" for four years, we will have a record graduating class. We do not make as imposing an appearance as we might, for we are divided into separate classes. But no doubt the fates have decreed that some of us will be in the Senate, or perhaps one of us a President of the United States. Who feels the spark of destiny? We have been called green and verdant, but it seems that we have prospered and hardly needed the assistance of the kind Seniors in artistically decorating our room. After all their labor, it certainly seemed very hard on them that their only reward was the order to report at the office and later to restore the material to its proper place.

On the Friday before Christmas, the room was decorated with holly and each pupil had a spray for his button-hole. This made the room look beautiful and was very thoughtful of the teachers. But perhaps when they saw the flying berries they were sorry that they had not chosen something else for decorations.

One of the Freshmen boys got an idea that it would be great sport to take the clapper out of the desk bell, so that when it came time to ring it for quiet, it would not ring. He told the plan to a few other boys and they all thought it would be "great." They decided that the best time to do the deed was in the early morning or late at night. However, their carefully laid plans came to nought, for the time never came when they found that they alone occupied the room.

We did not meet with great success in football, although some of the class distinguished themselves; but our basketball team was quite a success. Of course, we did not want to appear selfish, so we generously allowed the Seniors and Sophomores to defeat us—but just to show what we *could* do we defeated the Juniors. Out of compassion and regard for their tender feelings, however, we allowed them to make nineteen points to our twenty-two. Our greatest athletic success was on the track. In the inter-class track meet we scored $26\frac{1}{2}$ points to the Seniors' 16. The Sophomores made $12\frac{1}{2}$ points to the Juniors' 10. There are eight Freshmen in the Glee Club and the membership of the Orchestra is about half from our class. One of these "played" the sandpaper at the Annual Concert and made a hit with the entire audience. His bravest efforts to refrain from smiling were of no avail and he at last joined in the general laughter.

On the whole the Freshmen have had a good representation in all social and athletic affairs, and have maintained an equal record with previous classes in matters of more serious work.

EUGENE ADLER, '14.



CLASS WILL



We of the class of 1911, of the High School at Bloomfield, in the County of Essex, and State of New Jersey, being of sound mind and memory, having every reason to believe that our life in B. H. S. is about to cease, and considering the uncertainty of the life which we are about to enter, do therefore make, ordain, publish and declare this to be our last will and testament.

FIRST.

To Miss Wyman, we leave all the members of the Junior class and beg as a favor that she will not allow them to overwork in their Senior year.

SECOND.

To Miss Draper, pleasant remembrances of her Senior math. class, whose ability in solving problems where MONEY is involved, has never been surpassed in the history of B. H. S.

THIRD.

To the Juniors, we give, devise and bequeath

(1) The seats in Room Twelve, and hope they will prove as worthy of occupying them as their illustrious predecessors.

(2) The good will which we exhibited when the faculty, finding it impossible to comply with our love of freedom, as a necessary thing, prosecuted it by forbidding us to use the front stairs.

(3) To three of the best behaved Juniors, the three seats in Room Twelve, next to the window facing Broad Street, from which may be seen anything from an auto-race to a dog-fight.

(4) We return to them the crape in the closet in Room Twelve, which they so kindly loaned us when we were mourning over our deceased lion.

(5) The records which we have hung up in attendance, punctuality, scholarship, conduct and athletics, sincerely hoping that they will at least endeavor to maintain the standards which we have established.

Burning the Midnight Oil

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a tricky problem of my long forgotten Math.,
While I pondered, sorely puzzled, suddenly there came a tapping
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
" 'Tis some visitor," I stuttered, "tapping at my chamber door."
Only this and nothing more.

Ah, distinctly I remember, 'twas in February, bleak and raw;
And each new and separate problem chilled me with a fearful awe,
Chilled me with a nervous terror till those fearful numbers all
Danced before me, on the table, on the curtain, on the wall.
And it seemed that mathematics I would never know at all.
Oh never, nevermore.

All my hope and all my sorrow for that drear and awful morn
Painted black a zero minus to my spirit all forlorn.
And far off, within the distance, fading slowly from my sight
Was my cherished fair Diploma with its snowy ribbons white—
Would I never have that parchment, that long sighed for charmed parchment?
Spake my heart then, nevermore!

Would that man had never been, who such problems hard and grim
In his hard worked brain invented for us Scholars all benighted!
Eagerly I wished for wisdom, never failing, brilliant wisdom
Which in mid-year 'xaminations firm by me would ever stand.
And in Virgil, Math. and English plus one hundred would command,
For ever, evermore.

But that wish has ne'er been granted and dread Math. I always fear
And that old Binomial Theorem brings forth many a bitter tear.
Or what care I of Logs and Circles if to gray they turn my hair?
Rather to the circus I would go to see the harlequin in the show,
See the elephant on the ball and the tumblers jump and fall.
Wouldn't you, forever more?

Societies



The Glee Club



UNE, Nineteen-eleven sees the end of the most successful year of the Glee Club's history. The three musical organizations have worked together under the management of one body, composed of the officers of the Glee Club and a representative from both the Orchestra and Mandolin Club. Thus aided, the club has filled more engagements with greater success than ever before.

In October, the first concert of the year was given at Watsessing. In December we gave a concert at the Park Methodist Church in Bloomfield. On March 10th, another was given at the new Brookdale Church. Wagons were sent for us and supper was served afterwards. A most enjoyable evening was spent. February saw the crowning success of the year—the annual concert given in Jarvie Hall. This was not only a success musically but also financially. Ralph Morris, '11 and Bertha Allen, '14 contributed several solos to the program.

At the reception held in April at Center School an unusually pleasant evening was spent by members of the clubs and their friends. A particular feature of the Musical program was a selection given by the male quartette—a very valuable addition to the club during the past year. This is made up of Spencer Hamilton, Charles Roesch, Raymond Martin, and Ralph Morris. We were also entertained by a short play entitled, "My Aunt from California." The cast was composed of Dorothea Beck, Marie Biggart, Helen Cadmus, Gladys Barr, Mary Paton, and Anna Doscher. This was followed by an informal reception and refreshments.

According to custom, we sang in Jarvie Hall on Memorial Day. From the preceding summary may be seen some of the achievements of the club during the past year. Still we hope that the future holds greater things for next year. I cannot close without a word of thanks to the one upon whom the real work and responsibility has rested and without whom the Glee Club would never have existed—Mr. Smith.

EDITH HAYS, '11.

Officers

RAYMOND MARTIN, '11, President

EDITH HAYS, '11, Secretary

JESSE PATON, '11, Vice-President

ERROL R. LAWSHE, '11, Treasurer

SPENCER HAMILTON, '12, Librarian

Executive Committee

DOROTHY MAIER, '12 ELIZABETH EDLAND, '11 EDWIN CADY, '13

MR. P. J. SMITH, Musical Director



The Glee Club

The Orchestra



NOTHER year has passed and our Orchestra is still alive. It is not only alive, but increasing in numbers and efficiency. There has been a *large* addition to our ensemble in the form of the bass viol and it is a thriller. Our dear old High School will soon be unable to stand the volume of "sound" we make, and we shall need the new building, if for no other reason than to make room for the Orchestra and its "sound." Although our numbers have not been as large as desired the work done has been excellent.

This year the Orchestra has been in demand more than ever before. We have played at many Church and Social functions in town, including all of the Glee Club Concerts. At each of these we were treated "royally," and no one will ever forget the "glorious" time we had on the straw ride to Brookdale. Our appearance at the Annual Concert was evidently a success, for the selections rendered were followed by hearty applause. At the Reception everyone was most agreeably surprised by our progress as well as by the presence of one of our former members, Stephen Betts, who rendered several very difficult pieces in a most artistic manner.

Even though at rehearsals the strains do sound like the "tune the old cow died on," Mr. Smith with great skill and patience is always able to "pull us out" of the slough of despondency and to make the music harmonious once again. May the Orchestra make the music resound as melodiously (?) in the coming years through the spacious halls of our new High School as we have thro' these beloved courts.

N. B.—Boys and girls of B. H. S., wake up! Mr. Smith wants new candidates for the Orchestra, "including a snare drum."

D. MAIER, '12.

Members

First Violin—Minnie Aue,
" " Lillian Siebert,
" " George Winter,
" " Philip Muhlenthaler,
" " Percival Chance,
" " James Unger,
Piano—Dorothy Maier.

Second Violin—Brooks Martin,
" " Luther Roy,
" " Walter Bindscheidler,
Clarinet—James Cady,
'Cello—Edwin Cady,
Double Bass—Harold Young,



The Orchestra

The Mandolin Club



DURING this, its second year, the Mandolin Club has improved wonderfully, both in technique and membership. Last year the Club consisted of only five members. That number has been increased almost one hundred fifty per cent. This increase is largely due to the fact that the Club was opened to teachers, as well as to pupils of the High School. Nearly all of the schools have one or two representatives including our own High. Last year, the Club was, in a measure, a class for instruction with Miss Norton as instructor. Miss Norton has very ably continued as the head of the organization and has brought the Club to a high state of efficiency.

We have had a number of engagements through the season, the most important being at the Glee Club concert in February. We had an enthusiastic reception on that occasion, and it was doubtless a surprise to the large audience to hear the famous sextet from "Lucia di Lammermoor" so effectively played.

The success of this Club has been largely due to the zeal of its members. At almost every meeting there has been a perfect attendance. That means something, because the Club met at Center School, and to the majority that was quite a walk. Of course Miss Norton's kindly help must not be overlooked.

Although the membership has largely increased this year, our ambitions have not been fully realized. We would so have liked to have some banjos and guitars, and we sincerely hope that we may see the Club increased by these much desired instruments next year.

Members

Elizabeth Norton—Instructor,
Marion Lambert,
Beatrice Wood,
Edith Walker,
Edson Lawrence,
Phoebe Heckel,
M. Elisabeth Edland,

Esther Wolfe—Pianist,
Helen Stone,
May Hummel,
Elizabeth Jenner,
Warren Davis,
Ruth Bourne,
Frederick Kircher.



The Mandolin Club

The Not(e)-able Four



HE smallest, yet one of the most enterprising organizations of the High School, is comprised of four boys—three Seniors and one Junior. Its meetings are held every five mornings of the week at eight o'clock, before some engagement or other. These meetings are spent in pondering over the different selections which are to be rendered.

The male quartette, to which you no doubt realize this article relates, has had six engagements during the year, at which times the fellows have done their best and apparently have succeeded very well in pleasing their audiences. One of these engagements involved a trip to Brooklyn, which the fellows heartily enjoyed. These do not include the occasions upon which selections have been favorably rendered before the school.

This is the first quartette which has been sucessfully organized in the history of B. H. S., and it is hoped that others may take our place with still greater success.

R. G. MORRIS. '11.

Members

First Bass—C. Raymond Martin,
First Tenor—Spencer Hamilton,

Second Bass—Charles F. Roesch,
Second Tenor—Ralph G. Morris.



The B. H. S. Male Quartette
"Notable Four"

The Latin Club



THE Latin Club of 1910-11 has had a successful, if short, year. We did not organize until December, and even then no regular meetings were held until January. At the bi-monthly meetings of the Club papers on Roman life, literature and customs are read by individual members. The papers read this year related to the manner, dress, houses, and religious customs of the Romans. Miss Terhune spoke to the Club about her Latin work at Holyoke and, in substance, added that our Latin Club had made the Romans very real to her and that whenever the Saturnalia was mentioned, the remembrances of the celebrations of that festival by the Club made it seem to her a vivid reality.

For, you must know in the Club that is the event of the year. This time the members transformed themselves into gods and goddesses and greeted a few famous mortals (the teachers, of course) in their far famed abode (Room IV.). After an address of welcome by Juno (otherwise the president), the fun commenced and we played games of all sorts. When it came to the principal parts of Latin verbs many of our most illustrious guests stumbled and—hush! speak softly—even Miss Draper had *almost* forgotten one verb. After everyone had exhausted his ingenuity at *guessing* these principal parts, we adjourned to the race-course in the assembly room, while the banquet was being prepared in Olympus (Room IV.). When finally summoned to the repast, everyone did justice to the tempting dainties. At the close of the latter ceremony, the lights were suddenly extinguished, much to the surprise of all, and the Sibyl entered, bearing the candle and the leaves upon which appropriate prophecies for each person present were written. These were read in Latin; then translated. The Sibyl seemed so real, that we gasped when she had retired and we found ourselves really in a modern school room. Soon our guests had vanished. They were soon followed by the pseudo gods and goddesses. So ended the Saturnalia.

A candy sale, for which we had the motto, "Ubi mel, ibi apes," soon followed. And business was heavy in Room III., which had been transformed into a booth, until 3:30 one Thursday afternoon. By that time the candy was all gone, but the pupils kept coming and we discovered that there were plenty of bees in B. H. S., and they certainly were fond of honey!—Result: Nine dollars and forty cents in half an hour.

The last number on this year's program was an hour of entertainment given in assembly, when various scenes of mythology were interestingly depicted. At the close of the exercises a 3 ft. 5 in. statue of Minerva was presented for the grand Assembly Hall in the new school.

In closing we thank Miss Gay, the real soul of the Latin Club. We hope that those who will make up the Club next year "erunt meliora nobis."

ERMA BERNHARDT, '11, Pres.

La Circle Française



WAY back in the dim past when the School was still in its youth, there was a French Club. This was so ancient that nearly all tradition concerning it has been lost. Therefore, although the present society has been built upon the site of the old one, it can hardly be said to have been founded upon its ruins.

During the last few years in which Miss Hasbrouck has been holding the remnants of the French department together, there has been a growing appreciation of the need of such an organization. The students' desire for a club was heartily seconded by Miss Hasbrouck, who held a French reception at her home on the seventeenth of November, in order to show what could be done in this direction. French (or near French) was spoken exclusively, and everyone enjoyed themselves immensely.

Encouraged by this success, Miss Hasbrouck suggested that the Senior class should organize the Club, and see that it was well launched before they left school. Acting upon this suggestion, a meeting was held, at which the outline of the constitution was drawn up, and officers elected as follows: President, Edith Hays; Vice-President, C. R. Martin; Secretary, Walter K. Porzer; Treasurer, Charles F. Roesch; and Chairman of Social Committee, Madeleine Spear.

Two general meetings have been held, at which twenty-nine members have been enrolled. At the second meeting, which was held in April, some of the boys presented a French sketch entitled, "Une Affaire Compliquée." The girls furnished entertainment by giving a representation of a French store. Both were enthusiastically received.

During this time interest in the Club increased by leaps and bounds, and Miss Hasbrouck was seriously troubled by trying to satisfy the demand for French "atmosphere" at the meetings. Therefore, since a plan for a little excursion of the Club to France was considered impracticable, it was unanimously decided that Miss Hasbrouck should visit the Republic across the sea in the capacity of envoy and representative of the French Club. This decision was immediately acted upon, Miss Hasbrouck sailing the first week in May, so that she might be able to return next year in time to see "La Circle Française" start off with a rush surrounded by some real French "atmosphere" transplanted into the new B. H. S.

WALTER K. PORZER, '11, Sec.

Current Events Club



E have learned from our history books that
"In fourteen-hundred ninety-two
Columbus sail ed the ocean blue."

We have also *tried* to learn other numerous dates, which with more (or less) success have enforced their importance upon us. But the year 1911 will stand out clearly in our memory as the year in which the current Events Club was founded in the Bloomfield High School. It is a body of students gathered together for the puropse of discussing the work and the current events of the world. It is a flourishing institution having four officers, ten Executive Committee members, one Sergeant-at-arms, and twenty other regular members, making a total of thirty-one. The Club has done splendid work, this year, and all look forward to as pleasant and as useful a season next year.

DOROTHEA M. BECK, '11.

Officers

President—Martha E. Edland, '11,
Secretary—Gladys C. Barr, '11,

Vice-President—Louise Mershon, '12,
Treasurer—Florence Snavely, '12.

A Loss to Our School

We very much regret the loss of the services of one of our most efficient teachers. Miss Mary M. Draper, who has taught in the schools of our town for 28 years, has resigned. From the primary department through to the High School, her patient kindness, and careful, painstaking thoroughness have been marked.

Boys and girls of all kinds and ages have benefited by having come under her influence. We who are leaving wish to assure Miss Draper that we shall remember her with affection and gratitude, and we hope that she will long enjoy her well-earned rest.

We trust that the teacher who takes the place which Miss Draper has so long and so ably occupied, may win from those who follow us, the same measure of love and respect, as that we now tender to Miss Draper in saying farewell.

The Battle of Loseeloo

A STORY



ERE you asked to name the sixteen decisive battles of the world, you could perhaps give fifteen, but, sixteen,—“Why,” you would say, “I thought there were only fifteen decisive ones.” Oh! no, dear child, there is a sixteenth one, and that, a very important one. Listen a few minutes and I will tell you all about it.

‘Way back in olden times, ‘way back in the year 1910, when school was actually held in that little funny old building by the Old Church, there lived in this district two clans who were extremely hostile toward each other, the Clan of 1911, and the Clan of 1912. The Clan of 1911 lived in the Valley of Loseeloo while the Clan of 1912 lived on the summit of Gay Mountain, near the Crystal Fountain. As you are anxious, no doubt, to hear of the actual battle, I shall not tell of any previous feuds, but come straight to the point.

Late one night, Chief Martinuse of the 1911 Clan sent out some scouts to get the enemy’s goat. They were successful in capturing the animal, but fearful lest he should bleat, they gagged him and then triumphantly brought the trophy back to camp. The merciless chief ordered the goat to be suspended by the tail to the wall of the camp. Here he was left in his agony until his clan rescued him at noon the next day. You see the Clan of 1911 had gone to a convention and was not expected back until later in the day. However, they sent their infantry ahead and it arrived just in time to see the troops of 1912 galloping up the mountain side with their beloved goat.

After them rushed 1911’s light infantry. Up the mountain they went, but were naturally unable to overtake the fast disappearing horsemen. When they arrived at the camp of the enemy they found the gates closely guarded. Nothing daunted, this brave little band rushed past the sentries into the midst of the enemy, seized the goat and scrambled down the steep path dragging the goat behind them. When the light infantry arrived at their camp again, the rest of the regiment was already there. They told what had happened and this time the chief ordered the goat to be put in the high tower. This had been just accomplished when the 1912 cavalry came riding into camp. Slashing right and left they did much damage and seriously wounded the Secretary of State the Honorable Baechlinioris. By a good piece of stratagem the first brigade of 1911 surrounded the furious horsemen and the onslaught ended in a duel between two of the commanders, Hamiltonier and Bleeckerus. 1911 was victorious and 1912 gladly retreated.

Peace reigned for an hour. Then suddenly the members of the 1911 Clan heard an awful commotion in the tower room where the goat was confined. The chief went to see what the trouble was and found the poor goat butting at the four walls with such force as actually to make the tower tremble. By a quick and clever movement, Martinuse seized the goat by the horns and was just about to bring him down when he heard some one from below cry, “Look out, the enemy is here.” He knew that it was useless to go down, so he climbed out of the window and scaled the wall with the goat on his back. The goat kicked a good deal and even tore the chief’s clothes, but Martinuse was a brave soldier and loyally held on to the animal.

Meanwhile part of the 1912 regiment had entered the camp and now were struggling with the Clan of 1911. The latter did not know that the heavy cavalry of 1912 was marching down the mountain, nor did they know that their chief was speeding across the valley with the goat. But the chief saw the cavalry coming and the cavalry saw the

The Battle of Loseeloo—Continued

chief running and that was all that was necessary. Immediately the regiment pursued the flying chief, caught him and tried to get their goat. But the chief would not surrender the animal, so consequently a tug of war took place. Martinuse held the horns and the enemy the tail, and though they pulled and pulled neither side would give in. Finally the poor creatures horns gave way and Martinuse was left staring blankly, with one horn in each hand.

He looked up in time to see the regiment disappearing over the hills, the hornless goat with them, of course. He knew he could do nothing more but go back and tell the loss to his troops. They then planned another campaign. However, the Empress of the domain issued a Proclamation on the morrow which frustrated these plans, and peace was permanently restored.

Now it is left for you to judge whether or not this is, as I think, the most important battle ever recorded in the annals of the universe.

MARTHA E. EDLAND, '11.

Class Will—Continued from Page 17

(6) Our ability to teach the Freshmen bad habits.

(7) Our inability to act as examples to the under-classmen.

(8) Our banner, providing they succeed in keeping it as clean as we have. Furthermore we warn them, under penalty of a heavy fine, not to remove the said banner from its elevated position in Room Twelve, or dishonor it in any other way.

(9) Our owl, our eagle, and our lion, which stand for three of our most striking characteristics, viz., wisdom, swiftness of thought and strength of will.

(10) We cheerfully leave them the books on the shelves, the clock, the mirror, the calendars, and the pictures on the walls; the ink in the wells, the dust on the floor, the lack of erasers for the blackboards, our watering-can, our sign, "Keep off the Grass," and in short every tangible object in Room Twelve.

(11) Last, but of course we hasten to add, not least, we bequeath to the gentle, unsuspecting Juniors *all* of the Senior privileges. We hope that they will enjoy them as much as we have during the past school year.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto subscribed our name and affixed our seal on this the 20th day of June, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

(Signed) CLASS OF 1911,



Per B. WINNER,



ONSIDERING all things, athletics have been very successful this year. The records of the individual teams compare favorably with those of previous years. As far as possible the games have been arranged with schools of our own size. This gave the teams, especially in football and basketball, a fair chance of winning.

Our object has been to interest a larger number of the boys in athletics. The trouble in this branch of our school life is, as it is in most schools that a comparatively small portion of the fellows make up *all* of the teams. To avoid this and accomplish our object, the inter-class basketball games were started last year. These were continued again this year with great success. We have also gone a step further and have held an inter-class track meet. The basketball series, besides arousing enthusiasm and class spirit, developed some good material for the first team. The track meet served the purpose of bringing out material for a permanent track team.

We joined with the Barringer, South Orange, Elizabeth, Glen Ridge and Nutley High Schools, to form a basketball league. A pennant was offered to the victorious team. This gave greater interest to the games and increased the efforts of the players.

Officers of the A. A.

President—L. McCroddan, '11, Vice-President—Verna Dale, '12 Secretary and Treasurer—Chas. F. Roesch, '11.

Executive Committee

Miss Ella Draper,

Dorothea M. Beck, '11,

Douglas Lawrence, '12.

Coaches

Mr Walrath and Mr Lawrence

Foot Ball Team



CANDIDATES for the football team were called out soon after the opening of school in September. The twenty-two men who reported consisted mainly of new material. The outlook seemed dark, but the fellows took readily to the directions of Coach Walrath and Captain Hummel, under whose teachings they laid by a good store of trick plays, which aided in bringing several victories to Bloomfield High.

By the first of October, a light but fast team had been rounded out, which showed its speed in opening the season with a decisive victory over Glen Ridge High School. The next game showed up our deficiency—lack of weight. The team put up a plucky fight against the heavy team of Orange High, but were forced to give way to the terrific battering of their backfield.

After two more victories, over Caldwell and Glen Ridge, the team clashed with that of Mount Vernon High School. The latter proved to be the superior, "slipping one over" on our boys in the form of a delayed pass and a line plunge which practically won the game for them.

Belleville High School and the Beta Theta Club were our next victims, the latter being our most prided victory. After this game we again defeated Belleville. It was in this game that our trick plays showed up to the best of their advantage. This was especially true of the end criss-cross, on which we scored touchdown after touchdown.

In the last game, with Newark High School, 2nd., although we played around our opponents we were defeated by their scoring on two "fluke" plays. This season was the most successful that the High School has enjoyed in several years, and the three defeats which the team received were at the hands of teams of superior weight.

The Schedule

| B. H. S. | | Opp. |
|----------|-------------------|------|
| 23 | Geln Ridge H. S. | 6 |
| 0 | Orange H. S. | 15 |
| 10 | Caldwell H. S. | 0 |
| 26 | Glen Ridge H. S. | 0 |
| 2 | Mt. Vernon H. S. | 16 |
| 26 | Belleville H. S. | 6 |
| 2 | Beta Theta Club | 0 |
| 34 | Belleville H. S. | 0 |
| 0 | Newark H. S., 2nd | 12 |
| <hr/> | | |
| 123 | Totals | 55 |



Foot Ball Team

Mr. Walrath
(Coach)

McCroddan, '11.

Martin, '11.

E. Cady, '13.

Hummel, '13.

D. Bleeker, '13.

I. Harris, '11.

Dale, '13.

Joeckel, '12.

Storms, '14.

Lawrence, '12

Ellor, '13.

Moore, '12.

'Young, 14.

Boy's Basketball Team



HEN the season began, all things looked exceptionally favorable for a winning team. Four of last year's team returned and there were several other very good players to fill the vacant positions.

The team having been picked, we commenced by defeating Nutley High School. Here the victories ceased for some time. Whether the team suffered from over-confidence, lack of training, or hard luck is difficult to tell. Most of the following games were very close and hard-fought. However, Bloomfield was ever underneath.

Christmas and Lincoln's Birthday were celebrated by defeating the men's team of the Watsessing M. E. Church. The first game was close and exciting, but a spurt of High School spirit won. The second game with these champions was a decided victory for us. Many opinions concerning these games have been expressed and from them some light may be shed on the regular league games. One thing is certain and that is—if the team had put as much skill and life into the latter as they did into the former the result would have been different.

There has always been a large enthusiastic crowd at the home games. The gate receipts were large enough to pay the running expenses of the team, so that, while it has not been as successful in its schedule, it has been financially, the most successful team of the school.

If the team has the right spirit and the grit to go against odds next year it must be a winner—and that pennant looks good. There will be three of this year's players left in school, added to which we had a very successful second team, which should supply some good players, for a good scrub always makes a good 'varsity.

In the middle of the season Captain C. R. Martin handed in his resignation and Spencer Hamilton was elected in his place.

Ex-Captain—C. R. Martin, '11.

Captain—S. C. Hamilton, Jr., '12.

Track



HIS Spring there was considerable talk of forming a Spring Track Team. The Athletic Association decided to try the experiment, and through the efforts of Mr. Adams, the possible track-men of the school were brought together. They elected "Pup" Dale to be temporary Captain.

Track practice was called for every Tuesday and Thursday, and by means of the effective drills of Mr. Adams and R. R. King the boys were prepared for a meet. A very successful meet was held between the classes on April 28th. The Freshmen team consisting of Brandstater (Captain), Storms, Young and Batzle won the meet with 22 points. The Seniors—McCroddan (Captain), Roesch, Fisk, Morris, and Porzer—obtained second place with 15 points. The Sophomores—Dale (Captain), Hummel, H. Hobson and J. Harris—came third with 11 points. The Juniors obtained 5 points in the Running High Jump, thus holding fourth place.

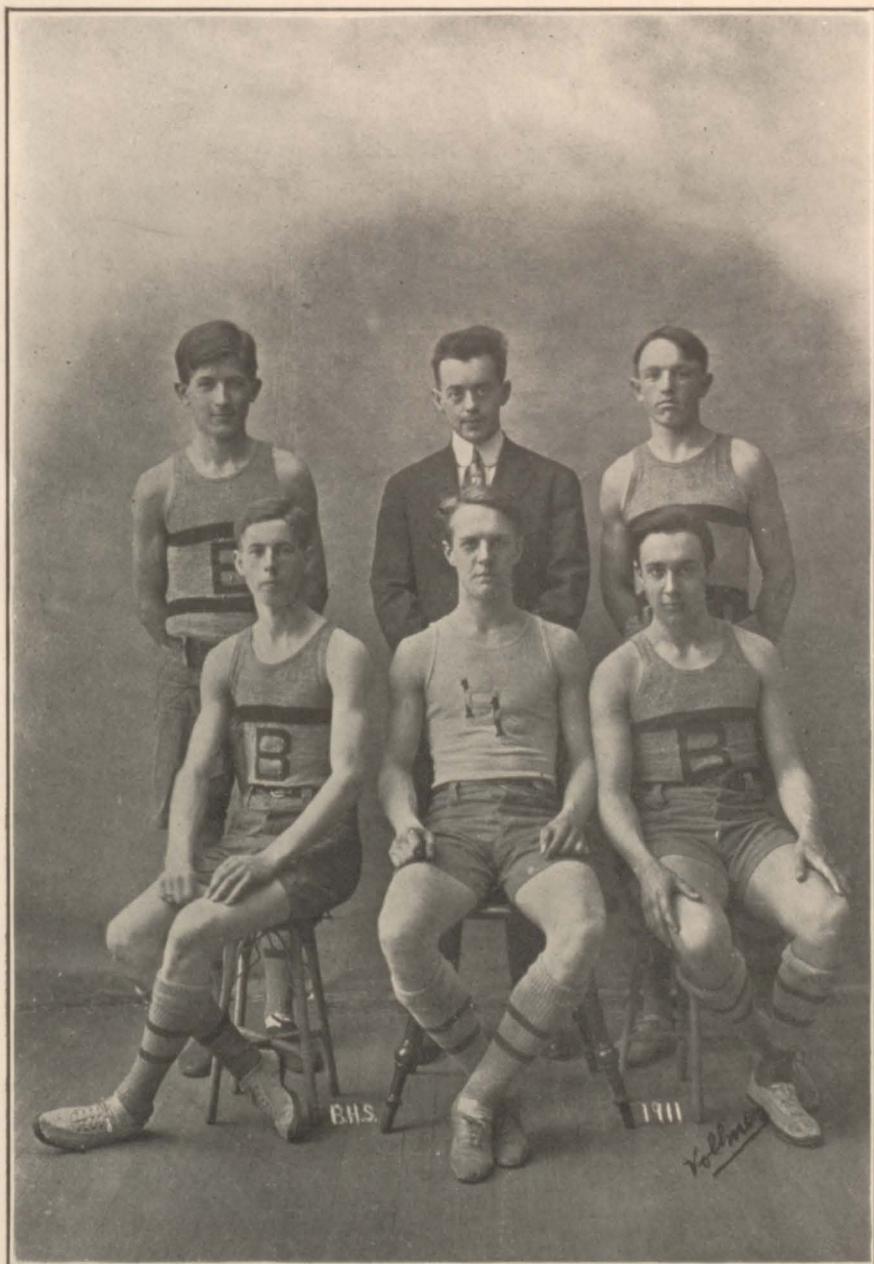
On May 13th Brandstater came in 3rd in the 100 yd. dash at the Princeton meet, thereby winning fourth place for B. H. S. We also sent a team of four men to the Rutgers meet on May 27th at Rutgers and won fourth place with 13 points.

JOHN DALE, Capt.

Winner, '11.

Mr. Lawrence

V. Cady, '11.



McCraddan, '11.

Hamilton, '12.

Brandstater, '14.

Basketball Team

Girls' Basketball Team



CASUAL observer would probably pronounce the Girls' Basketball Team for the season of 1910-11 a failure. But surely after a little consideration, the team is seen to deserve some credit. It has had a struggle for existence. Nearly forty candidates appeared for the first practice: at the end of two weeks the number varied from two to ten. Inter-class games were out of the question and to find enough for the scheduled games was a serious problem. *Girls of 1912, '13, and '14, are you going to support your team by giving them good home practice or by merely coming to games, only to see them defeated?*

Apart from the loss of so many games, the team had had a very enjoyable season. Miss Ruth Betts, the Manager, furnished a schedule of games with teams far and near. In spite of waxed floors, large courts and a variety of referees, the girls always came home feeling the better for their trips, and everything which a game of basketball means. Since all of this year's players will be back next year, we hope to have a more successful team.

Coach—Miss N. Cleaves,

Captain—Miss M. MacDonald,

Manager—Miss Ruth Betts.

The Schedule

| | B.H.S. | Opp. |
|------------------------------|-------------|------|
| Dec. 15, 1910, South Orange, | 25 | 29 |
| Jan. 13, 1911, Nutley, | 3 | 23 |
| Jan. 19, 1911, Newark, | 5 | 22 |
| Jan. 26, 1911, Glen Ridge, | 20 | 22 |
| Feb. 3, 1911, South Orange, | (Cancelled) | |
| Feb. 11, 1911, Long Branch, | 29 | 13 |
| Feb. 18, 1911, Passaic, | (Cancelled) | |
| Feb. 21, 1911, Ridgewood, | 16 | 23 |
| March 4, 1911, Long Branch, | 7 | 3 |
| Glen Ridge, | 7 | 9 |

Girls' Basketball Team



Miss N. Cleaves, (Coach)

B. Walsh, '13.

B. Allen, '14.

M. Stone, '14.

M. Johnson, '12.

R. Betts, 13.

M. McDonald, '13.

Inter-Class Basketball Team



THE Class of 1913 Basketball team won the Inter-class Championship of the sason 1911. The Inter-class Basketball series was instituted last year and the Athletic Association donated a silver cup to the winning team. This trophy is to be used for three years and then put in the Assembly Room. Meanwhile each of the three winning classes have the right to engrave whatever they wish between two of the handles. Last year the class of 1912 won the cup.

There was a great deal of enthusiasm manifested in the series this year by both the boys and girls of the High School. One reason for this was that all four classes were represented in the tourney.

At each game there was a goodly sized crowd present, cheering for their favorite team. At the Senior-Sophomore games especially there were record breaking crowds and the small Gymnasium at Berkeley was hardly capable of accommodating all those who desired to see the game. From the beginning of the series it was evident that the "Cup" would go either to the Seniors or to the Sophomores. The first time that these two teams met, the game ended in a tie. It was then decided that these two teams should play an extra game between themselves and not count the tie game in the series. Conditions were different when these teams played again and the "Sophs" easily won by the score 20-6. However, the Seniors were not discouraged and at the next game they showed forth an excellent brand of basketball, and the first half of the game ended with the score 6-6. But in the next half the Sophomores proved themselves to be the best team by winning by the score of 14-8.

The games between the Juniors and Freshmen were also very interesting. The Freshmen showed by defeating the Juniors in the two games that they knew *a little bit* about basketball.

The Sophomore team went through their schedule without losing a game, and had six victories chalked up to them.

The names of the players who comprised the Sophomore team and whose names are engraved on the Cup are: Douglas H. Bleecker, Captain; Vivian H. Cady, Floyd E. Hummel, Walter C. Ellor, Jerome M. Harris, Harold W. Betts, and Clifford Baker.

The scores of all the games that were played are:—

| 1913. | vs. | 1911. |
|-------|-----|-------|
| 14 | | 14 |
| 20 | | 6 |
| 14 | | 8 |
| 1913. | vs. | 1914. |
| 37 | | 7 |
| 26 | | 6 |
| 1913. | vs. | 1912. |
| 40 | | 14 |
| 36 | | 3 |
| 1911. | vs. | 1914. |
| 20 | | 6 |
| 1911. | vs. | 1912. |
| 49 | | 9 |
| 1914. | vs. | 1912. |
| 22 | | 19 |
| 14 | | 8 |

Inter-Class Basketball Champions—Class of 1913



J. M. Harris

Betts

D. Bleecker

C. Baker

V. Cady

F. Hummel

W. Ellor

Baseball



HE baseball team began practice early in the spring term. The poor weather and the non-completion of the inter-class basketball schedule prevented any previous time being devoted to work on the diamond. Although we had had so short a time for practice we opened the season on April 22nd with a victory over Glen Ridge High. Olinger pitched an excellent game and was well supported by the team.

The second game was against South Orange High School on our own grounds. This was a very loosely played game, but resulted favorably for us. These two victories in three days caused much rejoicing among the students. A walking club was organized and took its first tramp to Nutley on the following Saturday only to witness our defeat. A strange field and stage fright seemed to be the cause. The fourth game was played on Williamson Oval with Drake's Business College of Newark. We were again victorious.

Much encouragement has been given the team, by the presence on Williamson's of several members of the faculty. Thanks are due to Mr. Lawrence the coach and to Mr. LaQuay, our home umpire. The spirit shown by the school toward the baseball team of 1911 has been enthusiastic and helpful and is thoroughly appreciated by the members of the team.

CAPTAIN VIVIAN H. CADY.

The Schedule

| SCORE—Bloomfield—Opponents. | | |
|--|--------------|----|
| April 22—Glen Ridge H. S. at Bloomfield..... | 6 | 3 |
| “ 26—South Orange H. S. at Bloomfield..... | 20 | 10 |
| “ 29—Nutley H. S. at Nutley..... | 3 | 15 |
| May 6—Drake College at Bloomfield..... | 8 | 7 |
| “ 13—Flushing H. S. at Flushing..... | 7 | 3 |
| “ 17—Montclair Academy at Montclair..... | 2 | 5 |
| “ 20—Chattle H. S. at Long Branch | (Cancelled). | |
| “ 24—East Orange H. S. at East Orange..... | .. | |
| “ 27—Passaic H. S. at Passaic..... | .. | |
| “ 31—Caldwell H. S. at Bloomfield..... | .. | |
| June 3—Glen Ridge at Glen Ridge..... | 13 | 1 |
| “ 14—Merchants' and Bankers' College | .. | |
| “ 17—Alumni at Bloomfield..... | .. | |

Batting Average of Team—271

Base Ball Team



Thompson, '14.

Storms, '14.

Olinger, '13.

Clarke, '13.

Bleeker '13.

Mr. Lawrence (Coach)

Martin, '11.

V. Cady '13

VanTassel, '13

Lawrence, '12.

Young, '14

Moore, 12.

Hamilton, '12.

Sternberger, '12.

Schuler, '13.

The Alumni



HAT formerly slumbering institution, the Alumni Association, we are now pleased to say, is very much alive. The cry for a "little life" has been answered and the Alumni have attracted much attention—especially by their play. The purpose of the association, which was organized last June, is to promote among the Alumni an interest in the school and in each other, to help the school in any possible way and to create a spirit of loyalty among the students. The Association has flourished and its work is watched with interest. It is hoped that it will continue to grow and become one of the most powerful organizations in this vicinity. At the annual reunion, held just before Christmas, the following officers were elected: President, Rolland R. King, '05; Secretary, Cecil I. Cady, '06; Treasurer, Harvey E. Harris, '06

The Alumni Play

Shortly after Christmas the officers put their heads together and decided to present a play. The object was to excite interest and enthusiasm among the Alumni and to make the Association financially independent. "The Magistrate" was the play given. The members of the cast entered into the play with a spirit. This, coupled with the fact that there was much natural ability among the players, made the production a complete success. Considering this, it is probable that a play will be given each year.

Members of the cast were as follows:

Miss Edith C. Barry, '08,

Mr. E. Morrell Hinkle, '08,

Mr. George L. Hays, '10,

Miss Jennie Harris, '06,

Miss Natalie A. Bourne, '06,

Mr. George E. Jamison, '05,

Mr. Edward B. Crane, '07,

Miss Carrie B. Langstroth, '08,

Mr. Charles M. Davis, '06,

Mr. Herbert Dillon, '07,

Mr. Clarence D. Tower, '07,

Mr. Harvey E. Harris, '06,

Mr. Rolland R. King, '05,

Mr. Robert E. Parkhill, '07,

Mr. Harrison M. Gahs, '07.

Notes of Interest About Our Alumni



RANKLIN C. WELLS, Jr., '07, captain of the Princeton wrestling team and commodore of the Canoe club, won the inter-collegiate wrestling title in the light heavyweight division.

Joseph Mann, '07, Princeton, '11, made the Phi Beta Kappa Fraternity. This is one of the highest honors the University can give a student.

Mahlon Milliken, '09, is playing on the college baseball team. Left field and second base are the positions he has filled this season. William Martin, '08, is on the pitching staff.

Maurice Shapiro, M.D., '06, has taken up practice in Bayonne, N. J.

Wilson Phraner, '05, Princeton, '09, has been studying in Munich, Germany, for the past year. There seem to be many blooming Thespians among our Alumni, as shown by the play.

Graduates of 1911

Joseph Mann, '07—Princeton.

Franklin C. Wells, '07—Princeton.

Malcolm Carl, '07—Rutgers.

Mary Bartholomew, '07—Mt. Holyoke.

Alethea Bleeker, '07—Mt. Holyoke.

Stella Harris, '08—Montclair Normal.

Carolyn Langstroth, '08—Montclair Normal.

Lamont Truex, '07—Long Island College Hospital.

Alumni at College

Susie McCroddan, '08—Wellesley, '12.

Edna Draper, '08—Wellesley, '12.

Jessie DeHart, '08—Wellesley, '12.

Julia Biggart, '10—Wellesley, '14.

Alice Bleeker, '09—Mt. Holyoke, '13.

Olive Terhune, '09—Mt. Holyoke, '13.

Norma Moore, '09—Teachers' College, N. Y., '13.

Ruth Seymour, '09—Teachers' College, N. Y., '13.

Augie Crowell, '09—Pratt, '13.

Doris Hamilton, '07—Montclair Normal, '12.

Edith Albinson, '09—Montclair Normal, '12.

Frances Leach, '09—Montclair Normal, '12.

Ruth Struble, '09—Montclair Normal, '12.

May Wyker, '09—Montclair Normal, '12.

Hazel Morris, '10—Montclair Normal, '13.

Helene Nicholson, '10—Montclair Normal, '13.

Madeline Noll, '10—Montclair Normal, '13.

Bertha Serex, '10—Montclair Normal, '13.

Carrie Taylor, '10—Montclair Normal, '13.

Blanche Wallis, '10—School of Design, N. Y.

Kenneth Starkweather, '06—Cornell, '12.

Edwin Healy, '08—Cornell, '12.

William Biggart, '08—Cornell, '12.

Parker Gilbert, '08—Rutgers, '12.

William Martin, '08—Rutgers, '12.

Mahlon Milliken, '09—Rutgers, '13.

Erving Heckel, '09—Princeton, '14.

More 1911 Graduates

N. Grace Biggart, '03, and Oliver Ackerman, '05.

Josephine Baechlin, city, and Peter Lee Ackerman, '07.

Lilian Myers, '06, and Edward Leighcraft, city.

The Class Prophesy

By Chas. F. Roesch, Jr.



IT HAS always been the wish of graduates to be able to look into the future and see what would become of them and of Alumni to get even the least news of their old classmates. It very seldom occurs that any one member of a class finds out much about all of his class mates, years after their graduation, especially if the members of the class have become widely scattered. For a while after graduation, some of the class hung together, but we gradually drifted apart, till now we are pretty well separated. I stayed in my school town for about two years, after which I began to travel a bit. Now I have wandered around about five years. Ever since I left Bloomfield I have heard practically nothing of my class mates. So, several weeks ago, I wrote to Morris at his office address in Brooklyn, asking him to tell me what he could about the old crowd. I just received this letter from him in the afternoon mail and, as I suppose he has written me about the class I'll read it:

"The Union League House,
Brooklyn, New York.
June 1st, 1918.

So he's stopping at the Union League, eh? Well, *that* sounds good doesn't it? Ralph's still the same old sport.

"Dear Charlie:—

"Am very glad to have received a letter from you, but would rather have shaken hands. As you wanted me to tell you what I could about the old class, I will promptly fire away.

"To begin with, Martin is owner and manager of one of the biggest opera houses here in New York, and invents things on the side. But that's not the whole thing—he and Miss Beck, now Mrs. Martin, and Mae Baechlin and I have formed a quartette and have been doing a lot of opera singing for the past two years. You know Mae used to be quite a star in the old Glee Club. She is also soprano soloist in one of the big churches in Bloomfield. As a sort of side line, I have been teaching here in the Brooklyn Academy of Music for some time.

"I understand that Gladys Barr is teaching in the High School and is still living at home. She's a regular old maid, you know. She won the championship knitting contest last winter. Linc is still trying to court her, but it's no use, Charlie.

"About a week ago I was down in Washington, D. C., and whom should I run up against but Millard. I didn't recognize him at first, for he had on one of those funny new stylish suits with hobble pants, you know, and has let that beautiful hair of his grow down to his shoulders in beautiful curls. You know he always did hate to get a hair cut, and he always needed one. He told me that he and Ben Winner had gone into partnership as patent lawyers and attorneys-at-law, with offices in the old Singer building in New York. He said that every time Ing. invented any new contraption, they patented it for him. I told Millard to stop in at the Union League some night and we'd talk over old times. He came into the office the other afternoon, so I took him over to the club for supper." Bet Millard had a good feed that time alright. I remember the time the old quartette sang over there. We had a swell time and certainly paralyzed the supper.—"During the course of the evening he told me that Miss Rogow was in charge of their stenog-

The Class Prophecy—Continued

raphy department, and was their head interpreter. She can talk Deutsch as well as she can English. He said that Miss Wyman took her and Miss Bernhardt to Europe not long ago, to study the Germans. He said that Rebecca told him that while they were there they met Edith Hays, who was studying dressmaking and hair dressing. They didn't know her at first, she was so Frenchy. She's just about as fat as ever, you know. Millard left the club at about 12:00 P. X., and invited me out to see him. He said he'd take me to supper somewhere, but he wouldn't tell me where. Last Sunday morning he came over and took me to that fashionable summer resort, Watsessing"—Watsessing! oh, ye-es; I remember—I was interested in Watsessing once myself. — "Where we saw Ed. Pettit. He has a beautiful home furnished throughout with exquisite furniture, which he made himself. Ed. is superintendent of some big furniture place in Michigan."— I can readily believe that. Ed. used to spend about half his time in the shop at the old high school.

"Then we went over to Porzer's and we had a *good long* confab with him—had a job to stop him and get away safely. You know on account of his great bravery, he was appointed Chief of Police of Silver Lake."— There was a funny fellow. After we graduated he went into business for a while till he scraped a few hundred dollars together. Then he blew it all in for a hunting trip to Canada. I remember how he used to hunt in the wilds of Soho and Belleville when we were boys.

"While we were there Porzer told us that he had been to an exhibition of fancy dancing not long ago and Florence Brown was in it with some big athletic-looking fellow. Millard said he had seen them in a fine big auto down in Newark, riding around with all the style imaginable. After leaving Porzer, Millard started for the secret place for supper. We finally landed up in Brookdale, before a beautiful, big house. We were admitted at the door by a colored butler, bearing a silver plate, to whom we presented our cards, and asked to see Mr. Fisk. He told us that Mrs. Fisk would have to see us instead, and showed us into a large library. We had sat there for a short time, when to my surprise in came Mil. Wyker, all togged out in a handsome evening gown!"—What's he talking about anyhow? Oh! I remember! I got an announcement of that thing—certainly a swell affair; church wedding, you know.

"Mil. told us that Mel was kind o' laid up, so to speak. She took us up to see him. Charlie, it was really a pitiful sight. There was old Fiskie propped up in a chair with one foot all bandaged up, one arm in a sling and his head all wrapped up. They were feeding him Eskay's Baby Food. He was very glad to see us, but couldn't talk. Mildred told us that he had had a chemical laboratory at the rear of his property. She said he broke about \$50 worth of Bohemian glass apparatus a month experimenting. About three weeks ago he got careless and blew up the whole laboratory and himself with it. Mil's quite a writer and society belle too. She's written a number of books—some on High School life; one is entitled 'When We Played Hookey,' in which she includes Mae Baechlin under an assumed name. We had a fine supper and I found out some more information for you.

"Brownie is now one of the high monkey-monks of the Metropolitan Insurance Co. You know he always was a shark at math. He and Ben Winner and Ing. Martin have doped out a real perpetual motion machine by some mysterious mathematics. Fiskie says Brown's making about \$150 per week.

"Harris and McCroddan are both working on 'Life.' McCroddan is on the editing staff and has interests in several other magazines. Linc is quite a poet too. (There's a reason). Harris is drawing the funny pictures for 'Life' and he writes all the jokes and crazy stuff. You know Harris was a reporter on the "Onion" for awhile, but

The Class Prophecy—Conclusion

he said the work was *too hard*. He never did like to over-exert himself, did he?—If Diogenes wants a real honest man, I think Lawshe would fill the bill. He must be pretty honest with the money all right. He's treasurer of the (Militant) Suffragette Club of New Jersey and the T. I. A. of Bloomfield. Quite a ladies' man, eh?

"The other day I was going up Fifth Avenue, New York, and happened to stop in front of a millinery store. I saw a sign that said, Millenaire et Couturière Francaise, Mlle. M. Spear? I got right into that store quick and asked to see the Mlle. When she came, I could hardly recognize her. She was a sight to behold, all dressed up in the height of French fashion, with a super abundance of puffs and rats. I thought to myself, she'll give Edith a good run, all right. She said she'd been in the business four years and was making a fortune at it. We got to talking about old times and she told me that Erma Bernhardt had taken a college P. G. course in Debate, Oratory, and Sociology. She's quite prominent in suffragette circles and is also one of the rising authoresses of the day. Yes, I remember how Erma used to study her head off in high school. I never *could* see the use in killing yourself at it. I never got sick from over-study.

"I suppose you remember how Wittberg used to study history. He studied that stuff till he got a chair in one of our big colleges, as professor of all branches of history both past *and* future. He studied so much that now he's doing time in an insane asylum. He calls himself Prince Rupert and says he knows all the historic dates backwards; you see that's what comes of over-study.

"Jessie Paton is really a past-master at the piano, Charlie. She's teaching in some big place in Newark. I heard her play at a concert some time ago. She composed all her own music and it was fine. Remember the old days when she used to play for me to sing—Ah me! Ah me!

"I have been out to see Elisabeth Edland several times since I left Bloomfield, and every time I go she has a fine big supper, with all the style that goes with it. You know she always was a fine cook. Remember the time when she supervised our class dinner?" Well I guess I do. Elisabeth got that dinner up on about \$2.50, and we didn't have to imagine we were eating, either. Then after she graduated she went to Germany to study cooking.

"She still plays the mandolin and is now quite proficient with it. But she plays the typewriter too. They say she's the best stenographer in the country, and has won several prizes by her good work. Now I think I've told you all I know about the class. We are going to have a big reunion up here in about three months. Try to get back in time to join us.

Your old friend,

R. G. MORRIS, Esq.

Well I guess that's going some to find out about your whole class so soon. I guess I'll have to visit some of these housekeepers. Well, our class has kind o' separated, except those that had a natural affinity for each other.

Perhaps in your eager hurry to come to our Class Day Exercises you did not happen to see the evening paper. Let me read to you an article about a classmate of yours.

"Paris, June, 1918.

The picture of Chas. F. Roesch, the rising young American artist, was hung on the line at the Salon. The study was entitled, "The Bunch of Violets," and the subject was a dark-haired girl gazing at a large bunch of violets. Former pictures representing scenes of his travels, have had his strong firm strokes, but none have shown such depth of feeling as this."

(D. M. BECK.)

In Memoriam



1871-1911

Presents

By C. R. Martin.

Elisabeth Edland.

Oh! She is smart at everything
That she does try to do
For she is thoroughly a girl
From her head down to her shoe.
But in our large Assembly Room
Our loud applause she'll win
When she plays "Old Solomon Levi,"
On this nice new Mandolin.

Melville Fisk.

Here stands our nice little President,
And our class-meetings all are real,
For he stands up front and waves his hands
At our conduct so ideal.
So here's a little gavel, sir,
Our order to preserve.
Just hit that boy in the corner seat
When he punishment does deserve.

Madeleine Spear.

Her specialty is walking
At the very fastest clip
And, so we give these walking shoes
They're warranted not to slip.

Lincoln McCroddan.

Lincoln's fond of lots of things,
But we received a hint
When he came to our Skating party,
And therefor this "Spear"—mint.

Florence Brown.

Now that you have the Autographs,
Of our classmates hereabout
Take these of all the faculty
Whom I think you have left out.

Mandolin.

Irving Harris.

While gazing through your "Citizen,"
I'm sure that each one dotes
On this fellow's columns
"The Bloomfield High School Notes."
Now these reports must always go
Through the hands of our Miss Draper
And so we wish that he shall use
The very best of paper.

Gavel.

Jessie Paton.

We couldn't get a piano,
So we did the next best thing
And got this piece of music,
Which we all have tried to sing.

Doll Shoes.

Spearmint.

Autographs.

Errol Lawshe.

How calm he looks and how demure,
Surely one ne'er would think
That monthly he puts each of us
Upon the dangerous brink
Of deep despair and bankruptcy
And makes us almost sink,
As sweetly he just journeys round
And says, "Oh, by the way,
Your class-dues for the last three months
"Must be paid up to-day."
So here's a little bank, my boy,
In which to store our cash,
May you always take good care of it
And never let it smash.

Gladys Barr.

Miss Gladys, you surely are fine
At the writing of jingle or rhyme,
But should you ever run short
Of material, right for the sport,
This book will help out every time.

Note Paper.

Sheet of Music.

Bank.

Joke Book.

Presents—Continued

Everett Brown.

Yes, he is smart in Chemistry
And shines out loud in Dutch.
In Math, he gets a ten-spot
When there's nothing we can touch.
But there're other things about him,
For instance note his hair
And then perhaps you'll understand
The meaning of this bear.

Edith Hays.

The day was dark and gloomy
And oh! How it did pour
When in came little Edith
With rubbers—holes galore.
With great disdain she shook them
And called them naughty lubbers.
So now, in place of that pair,
Accept these brand new rubbers.

Jesse Millard.

Here's a little memorandum
In which he may keep his notes,
For his job upon the *Annual*
Is one on which he dotes.
Now when you buy your *Annuals*
Look upon the second leaf,
And read, "Jesse Chas. Reginald Millard,
Editor-in-Chief."

Rebecca Rogow.

Typewriters come rather high
For a girl who is so very short,
So here's a machine with a similar noise,
Which, we hope, will give you great sport.

Mae Baechlin.

"Dear me!! My hair falling down again?
I don't know what to do."
Well, here are some shell hairpins,
I'm sorry they're so few.

Teddy-bear.

Rubbers.

Memorandum.

Rattle.

Hairpins.

Benjamin Winner.

Here stands our last addition
And a husky man with news
That he weighs one hundred fifty-three
When dressed in his new shoes.
Yes, he's quiet, now, to look at,
But to see him on the court
One would think a storm had risen
Of the very wildest sort.
For it's here that he shines brightest
And with ease surpasses all.
So we ask him to take this thing
To remember basketball.

Henry Wittberg.

Now some folks take to English,
And some to Chemistry,
A few take up Algebra
And Trigonometry.
But with the name of Wittberg,
Just *one* word comes to me,
And so let us present you
With this History.

Walter Porzer.

There were startled eyes in Number Twelve
As Walter came one day,
With something queer upon his chin;
"What can it be?" we say.

So out we get our microscopes
And gaze with anxious cares;
For there upon his chin we find
Two *brawny, full-grown* hairs.
So here's a little Razor, dear,
To help you, when again
Those little atoms re-appear
To plague the eyes of men.

Raymond Martin

A. Nickel.
If the value of a fifty cent piece will not admit you to
that dance, will a "Nickel, Son?" (R. G. Morris.)

Basketball.

History Book.

Razor.

Presents—Concluded

Dorothea Beck.

When that bold Sea-Captain of whom you tell
Gets tired of telling yarns,
Just turn to this book:
I am sure it will help
To pass idle hours on the farm.
For, a girl who will read at the rapid rate
Of seventy-two per year,
Must certainly need a replenished supply
To read in vacation so near.

Edward Pettit.

He keeps the mover busy
Taking home the things he makes.
And to enjoy this pleasure
All other things he shakes.
For he's always in the basement,
Chopping things into a mess;
So take this saw in memory of
The shop of B. H. S.

Ralph Morris.

He aspires to be a farmer
And we know he loves to work,
So to him we'll give this little Hoe
May it never let him shirk.
And may we add this jar of salve
For him to keep quite near—
Then he may rub it on his hands
When blisters first appear.

Hoe and Box of Salve.

Book.

Erma Bernhardt.

In English class, we forward lean,
All troubled with the fear
That we shall miss some valued word
Which we had need to hear.
And so now Erma will you please
Give us reason to rejoice
By using this small megaphone
To strengthen up your voice?

Megaphone.

Saw.

Mildred Wyker.

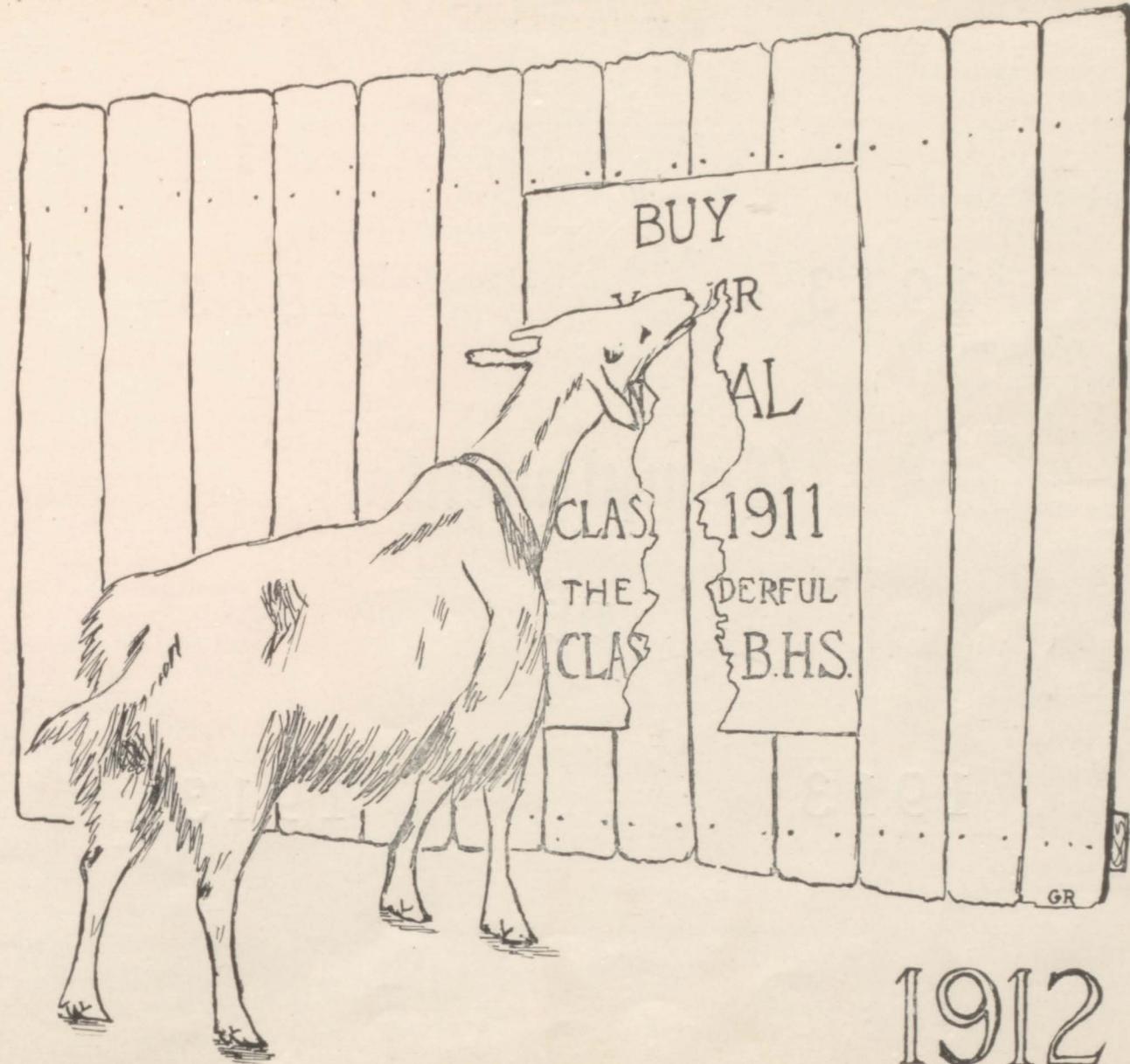
These are only artificial,
But may they make you merry,
And recall to you the Concert
In the month of February.

Violets.

Chas. Roesch.

When Charlie Roesch steps forward,
I suppose you want to hear,
How he lost a rather uphill fight
To our President, right here.
But here's some chalk for drawing,
At which he is no fake.
For most athletic posters
Are of this fellow's make.
Now there is among our faculty
One, of course, who tells no fibs,
And it's he that Charles does love to draw
In the picture called, "His Nibs."

Crayons.



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REBECCA ROGOW

Wishing some practice in shorthand,
Rebecca started one day
To take down in queer groups of pot-hooks
Just what Mr. Adams did say
As he read to the class about tariffs.
Now, once *he* gets started in reading,
He increases his pace all the way,
Till at the rate of two hundred and fifty,
Rebecca was far from O. K.

RAYMOND MARTIN

If you add to the metal nickel
The letters s-o-n,
You'll know the reason
Why Raymond goes
To Montgomery and Williamson.

MADELEINE SPEAR

Madeleine is never here—
She's always on the go;
She likes to do *most* everything,
But she does just *hate* to sew.

HENRY WITTBERG

Henry here is never late,
He's always *very up-to-DATE(s)*.
There isn't a king, invention or battle
That he can't tell its hist'ry
Without any prattle.

JESSE MILLARD

We knew that Jesse *was* fond of a laugh,
But we've just found out by his autograph
That he's been sad and sighing;
So we guessed so hard
We can't guess any more
(But we haven't guessed yet)
What he had to *sigh for*.

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Jingles

DOROTHEA BECK

Every girl has her fad at some time or other,
But Dot's we've never been able to discover.
So, what do you think when we found, in alarm,
That her dearest ambition's to own a real farm.

ERMA BERNHARDT

Erma seems so quiet,
You'd never think for long
That she'd invent any mischief
Or do anything that's wrong.

But as she gazed on Vict'ry,
She all at once decided
To get our foe's, the Juniors', goat,
And give to him a head.

WALTER K. PORZER

It seems that Walter's quite fond of the girls,
For he's tried them all, both with straight hair and curls.
The first was a Senior, exceedingly tall,
The second, in shape, much resembling a ball.
A Senior it was, very charming and nice,
Whom he took to our party on Oake's good ice.
The next was a Junior, with hair very dark,
Whom he took on the sleigh ride
When they had such a lark.
The next was—but here, I'm afraid, I must cease,
If I wish to be liked or, at least, have some peace.

RALPH MORRIS

The Latin Club intended a candy sale to hold,
So Ralph, to help along the cause,
Into the laboratory strolled,
To make with chemicals and syrup,
The very best of sweets.
Alack! poor Ralph!
The stuff blew up.
(The cause we've never found.)
At any rate, it made of him
A dark-brown, sticky mound.
By all attempts to get it off
He only made it worse,
Then laughing till it made him cough,
He cried: "I dare not curse."

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Jingles

MILDRED WYKER

Ever since the Glee Club concert
Mil Wyker's been awfully shy
When anyone speaks of violets—
But I wouldn't dare tell why.

EDITH HAYS AND JESSIE PATON

If you're giving a great big reception,
And expenses seem truly to have action,
Just look out for Edith and Jessie—
They'll make all your punch for two-fifty.

CHARLES ROESCH

In Math. one day Charles seemed provoked,
The cause the class all knew;
A certain girl had sent the news
That made him so awfully blue.
Miss Draper, on the other hand,
All unsuspecting, said:
"Prove, Mr. Roesch, this problem hard,
By proposition on the board."
He looked around, and then sat down—
The class just simply roared.
"Go back and do just what I asked,"
Miss Draper then implored.
Once more he walked out on the floor,
And madder yet he grew,
Until I really do believe
He'd liked to shake us, too.

IRVING HARRIS

Of all the boys in all our class,
The brightest is our Irving.
For he can tell by looking out
Whether it's fair or raining.

FLORENCE BROWN

At many things last winter
Our Florence did appear
With a nice, good-looking fellow,
Who is noted for his cheer.
So we wondered and we wondered,
And when we asked his name,
She smilingly refused it.
But we wondered all the same.

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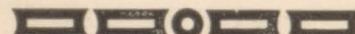
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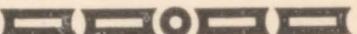
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Jingles

ELIZABETH EDLAND

Excitement was quite lacking,
So Elisabeth decided
To send the Juniors walking
While she fixed up their room.

When they returned at one-fifteen,
Their desks looked like a leper,
For ev'ry space in ev'ry desk
Was covered with red pepper.

EDDIE PETTIT

Every moment he has to spare
Eddie makes a B-line for the stair
Which leads down to the shop.
There he'd work with all his might,
Making things, both day and night,
If he wasn't told to stop.

BEN WINNER

Ben was a dandy in basketball
When he played for the Seniors last winter and fall.
Because he made baskets 'mid cheers and roars,
When we gallantly played with the small (?) Sophomores.

ERROL LAWSHE

The very first thing in the morning,
The very last thing at night
That Errol has heard for four years of his life,
Is, "Please, Mr. Lawshe, will you lend me your knife?"

MAE BRAECLIN

Here's a girl we all supposed
Was very prim and proper.
But during noon-hour,
Or, at least, so I heard,
A Senior came into the room.
He gave one look, then winked at her,
And—Mae winked back at him.

EVERETT BROWN

Everett isn't very tall;
As a matter of fact, he's very small—
So considering his name,
Which surely sounds tame,
We've had him for our "Brownie."

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Our Lincoln is the shyest;
But when it comes to real athletics,
He proves by far the slyest.

GLADYS BARR

A valiant leader in our ranks
Is jolly Gladys Barr;
In planning Senior pranks
She certainly is a star.
But, when the boys propose a plan
For the betterment of man,
Gladys leads against the foe
With her banner, "I don't think so,"
And her watchword, "I object"—
Do you think in time she'll be a *suffragette*? (D. M. Beck.)

MELVILLE FISK

Melville thinks that he's just right,
Thinks he's been our guiding light
All through our Senior year.

Says he's "father" of his class,
But he's troubled by *one* lass
Who never's agreed with him.



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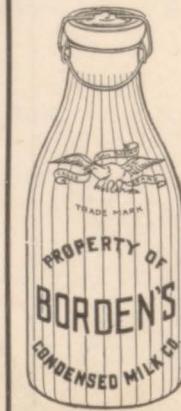
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